We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yards side.
Chiefwatch. A great suspition, stay the Frier too too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest?
Enter Capels.
Ca. What should it be that is so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the street crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outery toward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraine, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild. (comes.
Prin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them, fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.
Enter Capulet and his wife.
Ca. O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house (bleeds!
Is emptie on the back of *Mountague*,
And it missheathd in my daughters bosome.
Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now earling downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And

And know their spring, their head, their true discent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And leade you euen to death, meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring foorth the parties of suspition.
Frier. I am the greatest able to do least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.
Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?
Frier. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death
Banisht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whome, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pinde.
You to remoue that siege of griefe from her
Betrothd and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meane
To rid her from this second mariage:
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so tutord by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *John*,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returnd my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,